THE
NATION

APRIL 9, 1960 . . 25c

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A PROGRAM FOR THE PRESIDENCY

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MURDER and ONOMATOLOGY

George R. Stewart

MONITORS vs. THE TEAMSTERS

William Goffen

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LETTERS

The Chessman Case

Dear Sirs: The mail has just brought me the March 26 *Nation,* and I am at once impelled to write you, and at a loss for words.

Praise and gratitude from me, as Caryl Chessman's attorney since he has been on Death Row, you would have every right to expect. But my reactions to your bold editorial and forthright article go much deeper than that.

For so many years Caryl has been waging a virtually friendless and unpublicized battle; it is all the more heartening, then, to know that a publication such as yours, people such as you, care—care not only about salvaging the life of one individual, but about hastening the oblivion of California's shameful "little green room" and all that it implies.

Thank you for the sentiments of your editorial and the straight reporting of Dick Meister's story.

ROSALIE S. ASHER

Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sirs: For several months I have been trying to get a fellow worker to read *The Nation's* coverage of the Caryl Chessman case. He has consistantly refused on the grounds of: lack of interest, "he's guilty anyway."

However, with a recent issue of *Time* concerned also with the Chessman case, I was able to persuade him that it might make interesting reading to get two different points of view. This morning my copy of *The Nation* was returned to my desk along with the statement that "this man should have a fair re-trial. I still feel he is guilty, but it would be unjust to execute him on the basis of present court records."

MATTHEW A. COHEN
Boston University

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the March 26 edition of *The Nation* with the editorial on Chessman.

I have long been opposed to capital punishment. The bill which I introduced in this session of Congress (H.R. 870) is my current legislative attempt on the subject.

I believe the Chessman incident very well typifies the legal adage, "Bad cases make bad law." Under other conditions and circumstances, and without a Chessman case on the front pages of the newspapers, I am sure the California legislature would have acted differently. I am doing my best to keep the Chessman case out of any discussion of my bill.

ABRAHAM J. MULTER
M. C., New York

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Following is an excerpt from a letter I have sent to the Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court:

> The death of Chessman, like the death of Michael Servetus in John Calvin's day, would be not California's or America's guilt especially, but the common opprobium of the whole civilized world. . . .
>
> You, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, have the rare opportunity of striking the first blow for freedom against capital punishment. . . . The honor and dignity of world opinion demand no other course.

I. LEO FISHBEIN, M.D.

Miami Beach, Fla.

New Hampshire Voice

Dear Sirs: One who has suffered since 1954 at the hands of Attorney General Louis C. Wyman naturally finds it hard to comment without emotion on Mr. di Giovanni's article, "New Hampshire's One-Man Inquisition," in your March 19 issue. To me, the article is lucid, factual, devastating. Of all the forceful points made, the one that impressed me most is that which shows how Mr. Wyman satisfied the two classes of Red-baiters. And it is in satisfying the second class—those who want the "Reds" punished effectively, yet lawfully, that he has been most destructive of our Constitutional liberties. . . .

Despite the testimony of well-known churchmen who have known me for a quarter-century or more, Mr. Wyman called my religion a "fake" before the U. S. Supreme Court. When a few New Hampshire ministers spoke in my defense, or signed petitions for clemency, he assailed me before a men's club in a Concord church. . . . Mr. di Giovanni makes a strong point when he speaks of Wyman's extraordinary latitude which has made him at once judge, jury and prosecutor.

Through all this, I have lived in the hope that the American people will rediscover their heritage and stop the inroads on their liberties.

WILLARD UPHAUS

Boscawen, N. H.

[The Rev. Uphaus is in a New Hampshire jail on contempt charges arising out of his refusal to name persons who attended a summer camp allegedly "infiltrated" by Communists.—Ed.]

Integrated Officialdom

Dear Sirs: I am an avid reader of *The Nation* and particularly enjoy your labor articles. I want, however, to correct a statement in "The Negro Bids for Union Power," by Dick Bruner, which appeared in your March 5 issue. Mr. Bruner says that "only six AFL-CIO unions have Negroes in elected positions of leadership." I am a member of the Tobacco Workers International Union (not mentioned by Mr. Bruner) and we have two very able Negroes on our International Executive Board. . . . I cover five Southern states for COPE and I believe that in all these states Negroes have been elected to their respective state AFL-CIO boards.

WILBUR HOBBY
Regional Director, COPE

Durham, N.C.

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Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Apr. 9, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 15

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 15

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Afrikaner Dementia

Only the Afrikaners and their leaders will be surprised at the dramatic turn of events since the March 21 bloodletting at Sharpeville. In a few short days, they have succeeded in precipitating a debacle which has been predictable for a generation. Demented to the point where they could not recognize that Hitler's racist politics had ended in disaster, they elected to rise to power through the same demagoguery. Once in power, they gerrymandered constituencies, undercut constitutional guarantees, robbed both the Africans and the Cape Colored of even token representation, and thereby invested themselves with a permanent monopoly of state authority. The effect was to sever every avenue of formal communication not merely with native opinion, but with those white critics who sought to talk sense.

Then the regime proceeded to organize African and Colored unrest by enacting, and enforcing, interrelated phases of the crazy apartheid program. Previously, the Africans particularly had been weak, demoralized, without organization, virtually leaderless. But of recent years, as many as 1,250,000 Africans have been tried each year for trivial offenses against the apartheid program, including 500,000 for so-called "pass law" offenses alone. No finer tonic for organization could have been invented. Not content with this folly, the regime then set the stage for revolutionary demonstrations by enactment of a "subversive control act" which made it impossible for the Africans' unrest to find legitimate political expression. Again and again the regime has sought to "thin out" the native leadership by mass arrests; the predictable consequence has been the development of a "hard core," tough, militant leadership — in depth. At the same time the regime, by appealing to racial fears and hatreds, has made "white" South Africa the most heavily armed civilian population in the world; the whites are armed to the teeth with rifles, shotguns and sidearms — which could, of course, be taken from them on some blood-red morning. To complete the madness circuit, the regime has sought to isolate itself. This year, some time after May 31 when South Africa celebrates its golden (bloody?) jubilee, the electorate will be asked in a referendum whether they want the country to step out of the British Commonwealth and become a republic.

Then, to cap all this complicated madness, panic-ridden police, without provocation, opened fire with Sten guns and .303 rifles on a laughing, unarmed crowd of 2,000 (not 20,000, as reported) demonstrators, including women and children; many of the victims were shot in the back, fleeing. No enemy of the Afrikaners, living or dead, could have plotted the destruction of their idiot regime with more scientific precision than they themselves have done. "Whom the Gods would destroy..." was never more applicable.

Unfortunately, there is no writ which can issue from the World Court or the United Nations to have the regime show cause why it should not be declared insane and a guardian appointed. But by rallying world opinion, the U.N. is doing the next best thing. Without a friend in the world, the regime will be thoroughly isolated if it opts for independence (as it well may do). The danger is that it will become more authoritarian and ruthless as the final hour approaches. In that case, the U.N., by encouraging both white and African opposition to the Nationalist regime, might yet create a combination of pressures, world-wide and domestic, which would spare the Afrikaner leaders that last mad scene of suicide in the bunkers. The great demonstrations in Johannesburg and Capetown demonstrate the capacity of the natives for disciplined, courageous, highly effective political action. The striking, almost unbelievable, suspension of the "pass" laws is a measure of the power these demonstrations can exert. Does this victory mean that the hallucinated patient can still respond to "shock therapy," or is it that he merely wants to gain time to plot further acts of madness?

The Difference

The following colloquy occurred at the President's press conference of March 30:

John Scali (Associated Press) — "Mr. President, after months of deadlock [over a nuclear test ban] do you have any reason for believing that at this stage the

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Soviets are any more sincere in wanting an agreement?"

A. "Well . . . I can't presume to describe with any accuracy what are the motives of somebody else [but] all the signs are that the Soviets do want a degree of disarmament, and they want to stop testing. That looks to me more or less proved . . . they want to negotiate further; no question in my mind."

Although the President incorporated some reservations in his reply, the New York *Herald Tribune* headlined Marguerite Higgins' report: "Eisenhower Calls Soviets Sincere in Desire for Nuclear Test Ban."

What a sad headline for a dedicated cold warrior to see on the first page of a newspaper which surely cannot be accused of lack of zeal in that self-same cold war! Yet it is not a bad dream, but reality. A change has occurred, not so much in the manners and mores of statesmen — they still do a good deal of playing to the gallery and delight in their own small triumphs — but in what they wrangle about. Before Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States, each side was tirelessly engaged in pouring abuse on the other, and their ceaseless recriminations were such that agreement could never be reached. Dirty capitalists, atheistic Communists, greedy colonial exploiters, bloody murderers of Hungarians, and so on — such was the language of diplomacy. Now both sides pay somewhat grudging tribute to each other's *bona fides*. They still shake their heads, but no longer their fists.

And what is the gravamen of the current complaints? Merely that the other side is not as zealous in disarmament, in test-banning, in yearning for peace and constructive endeavor, as our side is. And that we have a better plan for attaining these laudable objectives than they have. The fact that the tone is less strident, everyone has observed; but the fact that the plane of contention is infinitely more moral and rational is hardly commented on, although no one can fail to be struck by it if he merely lays a copy of a metropolitan journal of April, 1959, alongside one of April, 1960.

Wave of the Future

Congressmen are getting more mail on H. R. 4700 — the Forand bill to provide a measure of medical care for the aged — than on any other issue. This is not surprising. Medical costs are soaring while the supply of doctors relative to the increase in population is declining. Yet "across the ditch," in Britain, medical care has improved, the supply of doctors has gone up, and the vehement protests of the profession to "socialized medicine" have abated. Word of all this has gotten around more widely than one might imagine. Opinion polls taken in 1956 and 1957 by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center indicate that most people favor government help in providing low-cost medical and hospital care. "Socialized medicine" is still a dirty phrase with American doctors, but "free medical care" is the wave of the future. Legislators who fear the retaliatory power of the A.M.A. should take note of certain facts. As against the 11,000,000 oldsters who could benefit by the Forand bill, there are about 200,000 doctors. Even counting the doctors' wives, sisters, cousins and aunts, they constitute only a small voting force nationally.

Medical care for the aged touches every family, regardless of party affiliation. The appeal is not sectional, narrow or remote; it is nearly universal. Small wonder that it has become the top bread and butter issue of 1960! And the opposition is largely restricted to a single lobby which, although rich and noisy, is by no means all-powerful. Belatedly, certain Republican leaders — specifically, Senators Cooper, Javits and Scott, who belong to the modern or "bright" wing of the party — have decided not to acquiesce in the Administration's opposition to medical care for the aged and are drafting legislation similar to the Forand bill, though more restricted in coverage. Probably the Forand bill could be pried out of committee only by a discharge petition. But even the liberal Democrats who favor the bill — and there are many of them — are reluctant to sign a petition which they feel is unlikely to muster the requisite 219 signatures. But the bill's supporters ought to make an issue of it even if there is little or no chance for passage at this session. There may be risks in such a course, but the bark of the A.M.A. is a great deal worse than its bite. Medical care for the aged is an issue with which the Democrats could badger the Republicans from coast to coast, in metropolitan areas and in rural districts. The aged are everywhere, and most of them need help.

Honest Curtis LeMay

In the days when Governor Rockefeller had Presidential ambitions, his heart bled for the citizen of the Republic who, in the aftermath of a nuclear attack, might absorb a few thousand roentgens from fallout dust and so perish without a scratch on his hide. He conceived the idea of compelling this citizen, for his own good, to knock together a shelter of concrete blocks in which he would spend a few weeks in the company of his loved ones, waiting for the fallout to abate, and then stroll out into the sunshine to rebuild his community. Only 31 per cent of his intended beneficiaries approved the Governor's plan and it was knocked in the head by his own Republican legislature. If there were any politics in the Governor's proposal, the answer is now at hand: shelters don't garner votes.

But the issue, though pretty sick, is not dead. Representative Chet Holifield of California has a heart, too, and it also bleeds. He complains that the nation's civil-defense program is in "deplorable" condition and he is

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throwing his influence, such as it is, back of a "gigantic" shelter program which is to cost $5 billion a year for the next four years, while the Russians obligingly wait. Apparently, though nobody builds them, everyone believes in shelters — everyone but General Curtis LeMay. Tough LeMay ridiculed the plans of the gentle Holifield in terms so vigorous that the committee chairman was startled. "Maginot-line thinking," LeMay called it. "You can't fight a war with shelters." He wants more missiles — and more airplanes, too; the latter may be obsolete, but after all he was weaned on them. If his heart bleeds, that is what it bleeds for. The citizens he leaves to the politicians.

The Uses of Barbarism

Time is running out on capital punishment in the United States and Canada. Dr. George Gallup finds that as recently as 1953, 68 per cent of the general public favored capital punishment. In the latest Gallup poll, the figure is 51 per cent — a sharp drop, in the space of seven years, for such an intractable social issue. In Canada, it is also running at 51 per cent, down from 71 per cent in 1953. In both countries, 7 per cent are undecided. But the trend is clear, and in this country it should be accelerated by last week's barbarous execution of James W. Rodgers, a forlorn but rather gallant uranium miner, in Utah's state prison. Rodgers, exercising a privilege which the compassionate state extends to those who have been given the death sentence, opted to die by the firing squad rather than by hanging. Asked by the warden if he had any last requests, he said: "Warden, I done told you I want a bulletproof vest." Five anonymous riflemen fired four bullets into him as he sat in Utah's infamous wooden chair. They shot through a slit in a burlap curtain. The rifleman with the blank bullet may feel that he is innocent, but he is as guilty as the rest of us; he, too, is a killer. The wife of a night watchman in North Carolina summed it up neatly when she said: "I don't believe in taking what you can't give — life."

Saving the Past

The world political unrest that was touched off by the decision to build the new Aswan dam on the Nile has overshadowed until very late in the day the realization of what this immense irrigation project threatens to one of the greatest art repositories on earth. The Nile from the Third Cataract in the Sudan to Aswan in Nubian Egypt is lined by monuments unrivaled in beauty and historic importance. They are huge, impassive, enigmatic and awe-inspiring. As things now stand, they will disappear within four or five years under the flood waters and they will never be seen again.

Most, if not all, of them can be saved. Some can be moved, stone by stone, to new safe sites; some can be preserved by dykes and ramparts (many, of course, have not yet even been discovered; but much could be done in three or four years of intensive archaeological digging). All that is required is money—in this case an estimated $30 million.

UNESCO has made this project its urgent responsibility. The governments of Egypt and the Sudan, agonized by the choice between the material needs of present and future generations and the heritage of noble monuments from their great pasts, have offered the nations of the world rich enticements to participate in the rescue work. Half of all future finds in the threatened area may be claimed by the parties that uncover them, excavations will be authorized in other areas, certain temples may be removed from Nubia, and an important collection of ancient objects will be given up by the Egyptian government.

The amount of money needed is not large if divided among some eighty-one nations; the time is short, but not too short if, let us say, one-tenth of the energy now being dedicated to moon shots were diverted to the rescue of the priceless relics of the Nile. Space adventure and the "peaceful" development of the atom are both problematical enterprises and both can await our convenience. Meanwhile, we know that we need the great witnesses to our spiritual past, and we know that those now guarding the banks of the Nile will not await our pleasure.

Symbolic Action

In ordering a reduction in the cruising speed of Electra turbo-prop airliners, after two recent crashes, from the normal 400 miles per hour first to 316, and later to 295, miles per hour, the Federal Aviation Agency may think that it has reassured the flying public. It has not. If the FAA had reason to believe that the planes were dangerous, it should have grounded them immediately; this is what Australia's Civil Aviation Department did on the bases of preliminary reports from the FAA. In any case, the public was, and is, entitled to an explanation of FAA procedures. If there are, in fact, structural defects in the Electra, it would follow (a) that the FAA did not set up proper standards for certification of the planes in the first instance; or (b) that the air lines were given special dispensation to operate the planes despite their failure to meet these specifications. The public is also entitled to know why the FAA feels that the issuance of an order to reduce cruising speed is appropriate administrative action in a matter of this gravity. The explanation may be entirely adequate, but on its face the FAA's order strikes us as another attempt to substitute publicity for the type of vigorous action that builds public confidence in regulatory agencies.

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A Program for the Presidency . . *by Wayne Morse*

IN OREGON, a man automatically becomes a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination — regardless of his own wishes — if 1,000 voters sign a petition to that effect. When supporters accorded me that honor, I decided to become a serious candidate and have entered the primaries in Maryland and in the District of Columbia.

Perhaps it is because I am an educator by profession that I think something important can be accomplished through my candidacy. The campaign itself is a great educational institution; it can, if conducted with vigor and full debate, bring victory to needed liberal policies, if not always to a given candidate. I think everyone who runs as a liberal, and not merely as an office-seeker, should conduct his campaign on that basis.

Of course, the Presidency itself is also a great educational institution, and should be used as such. It is not only in his official acts that a President exerts great impact. What he advocates, works for, and believes in, has effect far beyond the legislation he may sign into law or administer.

The President is the executive leader of the American people. If he has no convictions about the issues we face, our nation can have no sense of purpose. If he has private convictions, but not the courage to act on them, the nation lacks dedication.

I believe very strongly that our President must be a leader of public opinion, not just a follower of it. He must be willing to "stick his neck out" by talking about things which may not be well understood, and may even be unpopular at the time.

There are four general areas where I think the Presidency must perform an educational function — and soon.

Civil Rights

How often has it been said that legislation to strike down segregation, or to outlaw racial discrimination in employment, is a waste of time because "you can't change the way people feel by passing laws"? The truth is that Constitutional rights, and those contained in our still-limited state fair-employment-practice laws, can indeed be both legislated and enforced. We need a President who will recommend enactment of effective laws and fight for their passage.

But insofar as progress in racial and religious equality remains a matter of the attitude of individuals, the President is also in a powerful position. How he himself feels and acts on these issues strongly influences the American people's reactions.

President Eisenhower has made it clear that he views the struggle of colored Americans for equal treatment as a strictly legal matter. He will enforce, where he must, the decisions of the courts. But he holds himself above the moral and social implications of the fray.

In a day when the struggle of mankind against bloody tyranny has cost the lives of millions, bled us of material wealth, and guided our international policies for the last twenty years, we need a President who believes in doing something more about human equality than his official duty to enforce the law. To be dispassionate in this regard may be the requirement of a judicial office (even that is questionable), but for our Chief of State to be so is to deprive America of a great force for freedom, both at home and abroad.

The Urban Explosion

A second critical area where the President must serve as an educating force is the rapidly increasing urbanization of our country. Added to the population explosion which began in World War II, this increasing trend to city and suburban living is fast creating new problems and intensifying old ones. The amalgamation of our cities is proceeding along economic and geographic lines which are no respecters of municipal, county or state lines.

I think it safe to say that in problems of juvenile delinquency, social insurance, slums and urban blight, education, mass transportation and water supply, "we ain't seen nothin' yet" compared to what the next twenty years will bring.

Yet President Eisenhower has just sent a veto message to Congress in which he said that water supply is a "local problem."

Too often, a community handles this "local problem" by dumping sewage into the nearest river and letting the folks downstream worry about it. In the Midwest, it is a matter of dumping sewage into the Great Lakes and letting the people in another state worry about the safety of their beaches and their drinking water. That is the President's idea of a "local problem."

The measure he vetoed would have authorized the federal government to increase from the $50 million a year now authorized to $90 million a year its matching grants to cities for construction of sewage-treatment works. Yet I do not think it will be long before even $90 million will prove inadequate. Much the same is true of the relatively modest programs of urban renewal, delinquency control and education for which some of us in Congress have been fighting.

This does not mean that federal undertakings are the sole answer to our changing living patterns. It does mean that existing governmental forms and policies may well be growing obsolete, and that we had better be thinking hard about how we are going to cope with this increasing urbanization.

America is changing as rapidly today as it has in any period of history. We must have in the White House a President who is aware of this fact, and who is willing to talk about it to the American people.

Labor

Much the same can be said of the economic face of America. The character of our labor force, for example, will change radically in the next ten to twenty years, posing a new challenge to the role of unionism in the American economy.

The rise of organized labor in America in the thirties coincided with a new mass-production economy and with a depression which produced great unemployment. Industrial unionism, using its political as

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well as its economic power, achieved a legislative framework which greatly expedited union organizing.

In the year 1960, the unionized mass-production industries are declining as a supplier of jobs to the labor force. Union membership as a percentage of the labor force has already slipped from its 1953 peak.

The Department of Labor survey of manpower for the decade which has just begun shows that new jobs will come mainly in the white-collar occupations. Yet today, only 9 per cent of white-collar workers are organized.

The number of young workers and women workers will greatly increase during this decade. By 1965, workers under twenty-five will have doubled. By 1970, women workers will constitute one-third of the entire labor force.

The bulk of these new workers will enter occupations not now organized to bargain collectively with employers. Thus, in terms of organizing both industries and individuals, unions have a tremendous task ahead of them.

It was because of these facts that I could not vote for the 1959 Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin law, with its new shackles upon union organizing. Organized labor cannot rest on its oars and still maintain itself when the economy of which it is a part is not resting.

As one who believes that collective bargaining affords the best means of assuring that workers will gain a fair share of the wealth they have produced, I think we must have a President in 1960 who will offer more to organized labor than what mere political expediency dictates.

Foreign Policy

Transcending even these important domestic matters are the international issues which will be at stake in the 1960 election. If nuclear war occurs, it won't matter much what we do or fail to do at home in the next decade. And one of the saddest aspects of this campaign to date has been the preoccupation by both parties with the "missile gap" at the expense of the "peace gap."

No one has given stronger support than I to the maintenance of military supremacy by the United States. The Soviet Union must always know that she has everything to lose and nothing to gain by an attack of any kind upon the United States. But we seem to be forgetting that war should always be the last, the ultimate, means of self-preservation. Instead, proposals for the loosing of nuclear missiles have become the first and often the only answer offered to settle our disputes with the Communist world — even on the part of some who lay claim to leadership.

Above all, the Democratic Party should be exposing the fraudulent

Senator Morse

"peacemaker" claims of Vice President Nixon. Mr. Nixon is now trying hard to drape himself in the Eisenhower cloak of world traveler, yet in fact he was part and parcel of the Dulles policy of brinkmanship which preceded the "new Eisenhower."

Which of these two policies would Mr. Nixon, as President, actually adopt? That is the most vital question the American people have to consider between now and November. That is why it is so important that Mr. Nixon's record of aiding international brinkmanship be brought out.

The record has been pointed up by the recent publication of Anthony Eden's memoirs, carrying as they do the story of how Mr. Dulles sought to involve this country in the war in Indochina. History records that it was Churchill and Eden who prevented our involvement, who in fact saved us from a slip off Mr. Dulles' cherished "brink of war."

Mr. Eden tells of the presentation made to him and the French by Mr. Dulles, urging them to support an American attack on Communist centers in Indochina and — as might prove necessary — upon the mainland of China.

Eden states:

> Dulles repeated his thesis about the vacuum created by the collapse of France as a world power. He appeared to share my doubts as to whether intervention by air would be decisive, but said that if I felt able to stand with him he was prepared to recommend the President to ask Congress for war powers.

At this point, Mr. Eden adds in parenthesis:

> (I am not sure that this is the right technical phrase, but this was its effect, for it would give the President special powers of the widest character to move armed forces.)

Here was an example not of open covenants, but of very dangerous secret diplomacy.

It was the understanding of those concerned in the secret sessions that an air strike by the United States against Communist centers would not prove effective; it was the prospect that American troops would be sent into Asia that brought Mr. Nixon forward.

In an address on April 16, 1954, to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, an individual identified by *The New York Times* only as "a high Administration source" declared that the United States should and would send troops to Indochina, if the French stopped fighting there. The individual was identified the next day as Vice President Nixon.

That this sequence, in which the Vice President played a key role, did not involve the United States in an Asiatic war was due to the refusal of the British leaders, not our own, to go along. Mr. Eden describes the outcome as follows:

> They [Dulles and Admiral Radford] now recognized that this could no longer save Dien Bien Phu, but still wanted to rally French and Vietnamese morale and to prevent a general disintegration. Congress

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would be more likely to approve such action if intervention were to be on an Anglo-American basis. . . .

I told the Prime Minister [Sir Winston Churchill] that I disagreed both with the American belief that such intervention could be effective and with the view that it could be limited to the use of air forces. I doubted whether intervention would have any substantial effect in rallying public opinion in Indochina, and I was certain that it would not be welcomed by nationalist opinion in southeast Asia generally. Militarily, I did not believe that the limited measures contemplated by the United States could achieve substantial results; no military aid could be effective unless it included ground troops.

Sir Winston summed up the position by saying that what we were being asked to do was to assist in misleading Congress into approving a military operation, which would in itself be ineffective, and might well bring the world to the verge of a major war.

We agreed that we must therefore decline to give any undertaking of military assistance to the French in Indochina.

Much the same technique was used in obtaining the sweeping grant of war powers from Congress to be used in the Middle East and the Formosa Straits. Unfortunately, both were passed with Democratic votes, but mine, I am proud to say, was not one of them [see "How Dulles Tricked Congress," by Wayne Morse, *The Nation*, Sept. 20, 1958]. When these resolutions were enacted, it was said that we must trust in President Eisenhower. But when that kind of law is passed, its powers devolve on his successors, too.

These blanket grants of authority for a President to make war are on the books. How they would be exercised if Mr. Nixon were in the White House should give every American pause, particularly in view of the Vice President's advocacy of sending troops to Indochina.

THE existence of these war-power resolutions makes it imperative that we choose a President who understands that conventional war will more than likely lead to nuclear war, and that nuclear war will destroy *us* as well as the Soviet Union.

We must have a President who believes in the United Nations and is ready to use it for the peaceful settlement of international problems. We should make all the progress we can toward disarmament; but disarmament, while desirable in itself, is more likely to follow than to precede the establishment of the rule of law in world affairs.

Our Administration must take the lead toward establishment of the rule of law. That is why I have proposed that we ask the General Assembly to seek a ruling from the International Court of Justice on Western rights in Berlin. Similarly, we must make use of other U.N. procedures in the settlement of disputes. I have suggested that we propose to the Soviet Union the placing of the entire city of Berlin, both East and West, under U.N. jurisdiction. Some say the U.N. was not set up to do this, or that the Kremlin would never agree in any case. My answer is that the main purpose of the U.N. is to save future generations from the scourge of war. Let us use it in any way that can be devised to serve that purpose. And if the Soviet Union will not agree, let *her* be the one to make that clear to the world, not us.

No American President should keep the peace through unilateral concessions. But as a nation, we have scarcely begun to examine these other alternatives to war. Here is the greatest education job of all for our President to do.

The Revolutionary War slogan, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," is no policy for the nuclear age. We must have in 1960 a President who understands this, and who is equipped to devise new policies, has the ability to present them to the American people, and the courage to fight for them internationally.

NEO-NAZISM on the MARCH . . *by Heinz Pol*

IN 1958, more than 200 anti-Semitic acts were officially recorded in the German Federal Republic. In 1959, the number rose to more than 350. Since the notorious Cologne incident last Christmas, more than 600 new ones have occurred. And, while the authorities in Bonn have been forced by world opinion to publish a White Book on anti-Semitism, they have yet to explain the real forces which lie behind it.

HEINZ POL is the U. S. correspondent of the Frankfurter Rundschau, *one of the leading liberal dailies of West Germany.*

The truth is that, in West Germany, anti-Semitism is only the symptom of an old German sickness. German nationalism, in the garb of neo-Nazism, is marching again — and is marching more arrogantly each week. And involved are not just a handful of misguided youths, incorrigible Nazis or mad extremists. There are several hundred thousand "activists" with friends and sponsors almost everywhere. They have their political parties, societies and cadres. They seldom carry the swastika or other emblems of the Third Reich; their banner is the black, white and red Imperial flag — the real symbol of "*Deutschland ueber alles.*" They are the great menace to the new Germany, to Europe and to peace — mainly because nobody takes them seriously. Only those who remember the 1920s, when small Nationalist groups systematically undermined the Weimar Republic (which acted most generously toward them) can grasp what is going on in Germany today.

There are two reasons for this resurgence of nationalism. First, there never was a real and thorough housecleaning in the Federal Republic. The new Germany did not rid itself of the past; it left intact, in

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positions of power, the forces behind Nazism — the ultra-nationalistic strata of the middle and upper classes, the reactionary judges, civil servants and state functionaries, who had made Hitler possible.

These people, still vigorous and determined and lacking only a dramatic figure to lead them, are today again behind the stirrings of youth organizations. The slogans they are spreading have a familiar ring. In the twenties they talked of the "infamous treaty of Versailles"; today they shout against the "intolerable NATO that puts Germany under the command of foreigners."

The second cause of the nationalist revival is the remilitarization of the Federal Republic. Mr. Acheson's brilliant idea, conceived in 1950, of rearming the Germans in order to have more cannon fodder to be used against communism, was a godsend to Nazis, nationalists and militarists who, up to that time, had gone into hiding. At once they became heroes again — heroes destined to save the West. Their enemies of yesterday, who had called them the scum of the earth, were now running after them, forcing weapons into their all-too-willing hands. No nation in the world could have taken this abrupt switch without turning completely cynical — least of all the Germans with their militaristic tradition.

FROM ABOUT 1950 on, the new growth of nationalism becomes manifest. It was greatly helped, wittingly or unwittingly, by the leaders of the new German regime. From the outset, the Bonn foreign office has been overstuffed with functionaries of the Hitler school. True, few of them had actually been members of the Nazi Party; they had been much too clever to commit themselves. They served Hitler faithfully because the *Fuehrer*, by and large, carried out the Pan-German program which also was their own. Today, these foreign-office officials are indispensable, just as they were indispensable when the Weimar Republic took over from the Kaiser's monarchy. They are indestructible because nobody in Germany has ever wanted or dared to raise another breed of diplomats and foreign-affairs experts.

The picture in the other departments of the Bonn government is not much better. Adenauer has not called upon a single high-ranking functionary of the Weimar Republic to help him build his new regime. He has never asked a German Jew of any prominence to return to a position in the Bonn government. His adviser on all personnel questions is the notorious Dr. Globke, co-author of the Nuremberg laws. Globke's position, as well as the presence in the Bonn cabinet of the Minister of Interior, Schroeder, a former S. A. leader, and the Minister for Refugees and Expellees, Dr. Oberlaender, who was one of the most rabid Nazis of the Hitler period, serve to encourage the nationalists and discourage their opposition. Now and then German courts strike out at former Nazis found guilty of despicable crimes. But the Bonn regime remains completely indifferent toward the activities of the more dangerous nationalist movement.

The evidence against the *Deutsche Reichspartei* as a reservoir for every openly reactionary element, as well as every covertly neo-Nazi and anti-Semitic element, is overwhelming. Yet the federal government has refused to act against it. The party is by no means insignificant. In the Rhineland-Palatinate alone it attracted 87,000 votes in the last elections; it collected some 200,000 votes throughout the country. The party's leader is Wilhelm Meinberg who was once, among other things, a director of the *Hermann Goering Werke*. Today he is an adviser on industrial and agrarian problems to many leading German corporations. It is not difficult to understand why his party has ample financial means.

OF MORE recent origin than the *Deutsche Reichspartei* are numerous youth groups which have sprung up everywhere. Wearing uniforms similar to those of the Steel Helmet organizations of the twenties and thirties, or of the S. A. of the Hitler era, at least 40,000 to 50,000 teenagers and young men and women up to twenty-five march through the streets of their cities on week-

ends, singing old war songs and shouting slogans which openly defy the official foreign policy of the Federal Republic. Their slogans are anti-NATO, anti-alliance of any kind; these youngsters proclaim that they will fight only for Germany — and without outside help.

RECENTLY, about half of the originally widely scattered youths have merged to form the so-called *Nationale Jugendbewegung Deutschland* (National Youth Movement of Germany). Its leader is Hans Schultz, a twenty-seven-year-old employee in a chemical plant near Frankfurt. One of the key paragraphs of his program states:

> The Allied powers of the last World War who together destroyed the German Reich are not to be regarded as friendly powers, but as alien forces whose aims are in direct opposition to the vital interests of the German people.

The National Youth Movement's tendency to uphold the Nazi tradition is only thinly concealed. A second youth federation, consisting of about fifteen groups, is more or less oriented toward the old Prussian and Pan-German tradition. It includes the revived Steel Helmet and the Scharnhorst, Bismarck and Kyffhaeuser youth groups, which originated in the twenties. Their extreme

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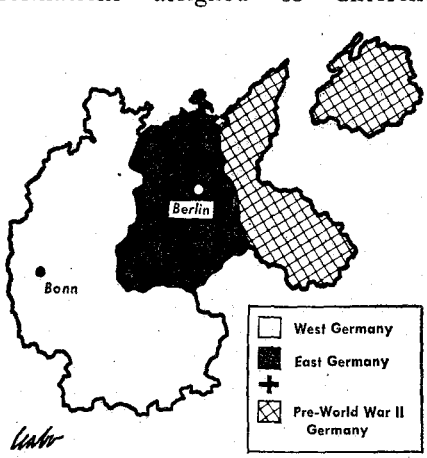
nationalistic activities paved the way for Hitlerism.

A third youth movement, catering to students, has lately gained momentum. It is called the *Bund Nationaler Studenten*, and has cells and cadres in every university of the Federal Republic. It has its own newspaper (*Studentenvolk*), which is violently nationalistic. The *Bund* already counts more than 2,000 students as active members. Among their speakers are people like Herr Suendermann, who was second to Goebbels in Hitler's Ministry of Propaganda, and William Schlamm, the former Austrian (and long-naturalized American) writer who preaches the gospel of a war of aggression by Germany against its Eastern neighbors. Schlamm is a spectacular success among German Fascist groups. He makes no bones about being a Jew, and is acclaimed by his followers as a new "intellectual leader." These facts indicate that anti-Semitism is not always primary in the neo-Nazi movement.

THERE is the very interesting though rather involved case of the *Waffen SS*. Today's apologists for this Nazi organization — and one finds them among the highest ranks of the Bonn government — claim that it constituted a part of the *Wehrmacht* and was therefore not involved in the "police actions," i.e., murders and other crimes, committed by the regular SS.

This is far from the truth. The *Waffen SS* was a conglomeration of formations assigned to different tasks. Many of these served exclusively during the war years as the principal instrument for subduing occupied territories by means of terror and extermination. The *Waffen SS* alone was responsible for the massacres of Lidice, the Warsaw Ghetto, Ouradour and many others; 35,000 *Waffen SS* troops were assigned to guard the Bergen-Belsen, Ravensbrueck and Auschwitz concentration camps — a lucrative business, since the guards received, as an official bonus for their services, a large part of the valuables — watches, jewelry, luggage — taken from victims before they were shoved into the gas chambers.



This map, with its flavor of irredentism, appeared on the cover of a brochure put out by the West German Embassy in London. (Explanatory symbols added.)

OF COURSE the organization grew enormously during the later war years, mostly by recruiting volunteers and, toward the end of the war, even by impressing them. Many units served more or less as part of the regular *Wehrmacht*. Therefore every *Waffen SS* veteran cannot now be regarded as a criminal or fanatical Nazi. But neither can it be said, as former SS generals and nationalist groups are saying, that *all Waffen SS* veterans were innocent of all crime. Today, under the leadership of former generals, *Waffen SS* men have joined together in a veterans' organization for the purpose of claiming indemnities and pensions from the state and infiltrating into key positions of the Federal Republic, and especially into the new *Bundeswehr*.

In October, 1959, a meeting of the Association of the Holders of the *Ritterkreuz* took place in Regensburg, Bavaria. (The *Ritterkreuz*, an invention of Hitler, was the highest decoration given to officers and soldiers for outstanding services during the war.) The association has more than 1,000 members, mostly generals, admirals and colonels, many of them former *Waffen SS* officers. One of the guests at the Regensburg meeting was Sepp Dietrich, one-time commander of Hitler's personal SS guard, who was sentenced to life imprisonment by an American tribunal for ordering the massacre at Malmedy, only to be released by the Western powers a few years later. Today, he is an active neo-Nazi and maintains many personal links with former comrades in and outside the *Bundeswehr*.

The walls of the Regensburg meeting hall were decorated with the black, white and red flags, everyone sang *Deutschland ueber alles* and speakers extolled the great past of the German army (which had never been really "defeated," but only "stabbed in the back"). Four high-ranking officers of the *Bundeswehr* attended the conclave, and the Fourth Panzer Division sent its band to entertain the guests.

Last summer *Waffen SS* generals sponsored, in the city of Hameln, the first postwar mass gathering of former SS troops. The chairman, Panzer Army Commander Meyer, read greetings from several members of the *Bundestag* and from the heads of two states of the Federal Republic. Among the guests were soldiers and officers of the *Bundeswehr*.

There are functionaries in both the *Bundeswehr* and in Bonn who are honestly striving to eradicate the pernicious remnants of German militarism and nationalism. But their efforts are stymied by the revival of the Nazi traditions so dearly cherished by former members of Hitler's *Wehrmacht* and the *Waffen SS*. And how can one fight the SS spirit in the German army when so many of its present leaders, and so many leading politicians, participate eagerly in meetings designed to keep this spirit alive? And how much did Chancellor Adenauer help the democratic cause when, on August 30, 1953, he said in Hanover, "The men of the *Waffen SS* were soldiers like all other soldiers"?

Up to now, Adenauer has not cared to make any public qualification of this sweeping and untrue statement. But who would dare contradict a Chancellor who, by his past performance, is anything but a Nazi? Adenauer may do his utmost to convince statesmen in Washington, London and Paris that the new German army exists only to protect the West from the Eastern barbarians and must therefore be equipped immediately with nuclear weapons. He may proclaim in Rome — in exactly the same words used by Wilhelm II and Hitler — that Germany has a

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sacred mission to fulfill, namely, to save the civilized world. He may even, ten years after becoming Chancellor, visit (for the first time in his life) a former concentration camp and speak (under the gentle pressure of world opinion) a few words of regret for the unknown victims. But all this cannot absolve him from a great responsibility — the responsibility for building a new Germany that will never fall back into the abyss of violent nationalism, as it has so often done in the past. In this responsibility, the Chancellor is failing.

Restitution payments for German Jews and other victims of Nazism are systematically obstructed by federal, state and city employees, many of them former members of the Nazi Party. At the same time, the pensions and indemnities paid out to dignitaries and representatives of the Third Reich are handed over promptly and lavishly. The Federal Republic pays the sum of 2,636 marks per month to each of the former 1,036 *Wehrmacht* generals and admirals (including, of course, officers of the *Waffen SS*). With this pension, they not only live comfortably, but are able to devote their time to writing their memoirs and organizing nationalistic groups. Their social standing is as high as ever.

IT GOES without saying that the policy of the Western Allies, and especially Washington's, is vastly responsible for the reawakening of German militarism and nationalism. The West missed its opportunity in the first postwar years to help liberal forces in West Germany lay a truly new foundation. Later, the West forced upon a reluctant majority of the German people a remilitarization program that could only lead to a revival of all that is dangerous and destructive in the German mind and body. This is a sad story which deserves more thorough study.

Have things already gone too far? Many Americans are perfectly satisfied with developments in Germany. They like nothing better than the sound of the goosestep, although only a few years ago they swore that German militarism would never rise again. Recently *The New York Times* published an enthusiastic appraisal of the first combined German-American maneuvers in Bavaria. The appraisal concludes with the following statement: "Exercise Wintershield showed that the new German Army still has some major problems. But it has some extremely capable, aggressive commanders and non-coms, and the seeds of its past military greatness are sprouting again."

The writer, Hanson W. Baldwin, unwittingly echoes the words of the German neo-Nazis and old-time nationalists who seek to transform the Federal Republic into a *Machtstaat* — a power state. If and when that happens, it will be interesting to see how the Hanson Baldwins of this country will appraise German "military greatness."

MURDER and ONOMATOLOGY . . *by George R. Stewart*

THAT FEBRUARY morning I was thinking of an eleven o'clock class. As a professor of English, the last thing I expected was to get involved with a murder trial.

The note in my box meant nothing to me—I would have guessed, if I had stopped to guess, that it was an invitation to speak somewhere, which I would turn down. I called the long-distance operator of the number indicated, and was connected with Downieville, a small mountain town, 200 miles away. The name brought memories. I had fought a forest fire near there; I had fished the streams; I had once kept the fire-lookout on Sierra Butte.

But a man's voice was speaking, introducing himself as Lynn Compton of the California Attorney General's office. He was acting in the Motherwell trial. Had I heard of it? —Yes, I had read the papers.—Well, an old student of mine was up here, a reporter, who said I was the greatest authority in the world on names. —I accepted the compliment, not caring to argue the claims of other scholars on long-distance rates. — Well, this Motherwell says he didn't commit the murder, but he knows who did, and it was a man named Dee-A-vious. — How do you spell it? — D-'A-V-I-O-U-S.

I had never known the name, and it did not even seem a likely name to exist at all. But names are protean, and I have learned not to jump at conclusions about them.

Mr. Compton went on. Not only had they been unable to find the man D'Avious, but they had not even been able to find anyone of the name. The FBI had checked its files (315,000,000 names, they claim) with no results. Would I do what I could? I agreed. He gave me a few more details.

I am no devotee of murder trials. But this case had already seemed to me an unusual one. I can imagine it turning up, a few years from now, in one of those "true murder" collections.

Larry Lord Motherwell was the grandiloquent name under which he was being tried, though originally he had been Frank Eugene Caventer. His first wife testified (in connection with his sentencing) that, according to her belief, he had twice tried to murder her and their two children in 1945 and had actually murdered a third child. His second wife had been found, in 1953, drowned in the bathtub. They had had a defective child. In 1954, he took this fourteen-months-old baby from the home to which it was entrusted, and later the body was dug up from a grave in a pet cemetery. Mother-

GEORGE R. STEWART, noted novelist (Fire, Storm, *etc.*) *is also an onomatologist, and the author of* Names on the Land *(Houghton-Mifflin, 1958).*

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well claimed that the baby had died a natural death, and that in panic he had just buried the body. A grand jury failed to bring an indictment. After all this, it is perhaps anticlimactic that two women testified, with some asperity, as to how he had undone them with blandishments, and, in one case at least, taken money along with affection. In 1958, aged forty, he became involved seriously with Mrs. Putney.

Although Motherwell presents some uncommon qualities, the really bizarre person in the case is Pearl Putney. Her husband had been a rather prominent member of the State Department in the twenties. He died, leaving her a widow of about forty. She devoted herself to the care of her aged and ailing mother. Thus she lived quietly in Washington, D.C., for about thirty years. She did not go out with men; she was almost timid in manner; by most people's standards, she was a recluse. At last her mother died, and Mrs. Putney, at the age of seventy-two, came under the influence of Motherwell. She was not wealthy, but in her infatuation she realized cash to a sum which has been reported as $50,000. She then departed with Motherwell on what the papers have constantly called "a last fling." It could better have been called "a first fling."

IN THE summer of 1958, the two of them drove across the country to California, registering as man and wife. The night of August 14 they spent in a motel at Marysville, California. On the morning of the 15th, they checked out. There is no record of Mrs. Putney after Marysville. On the 16th, Motherwell bought an airplane ticket, for himself only, in Reno.

One way to drive from Marysville to Reno is by California Highway 49, through Downieville and over Yuba Pass, a lonely road across the mountainous terrain of the northern Sierra Nevada.

A year to the day after Motherwell bought that ticket in Reno, some human bones, a dental plate and a few half-burned scraps of clothing were found near a little woods-road, a half-mile from California Highway 49, just to the east of Yuba Pass.

During that year, Mrs. Putney's absence had not passed unnoted. The dental plate was soon identified as hers. During the same year, Motherwell had been spending money freely and moving about under a number of aliases, as if supposing that he was being watched. Apparently he was right; only nine days after the discovery of the bones he was arrested in Atlanta. Denying the murder, he said he knew, or suspected, who had done it—D'Avious.

OBVIOUSLY the case against Motherwell was highly circumstantial, and so the finer details of evidence became of importance. This, then, was why they came to me—one who, whether or not he lived up to his loyal student's high appraisal, had at least been President of the American Names Society, had written *Names on the Land*. This was my first involvement with a trial, but as far as the running down of D'Avious was concerned—I was bred and born in that briar bush. Still, the difficulty was obvious.

What I was being asked to do was to prove a universal negative. Generally speaking, this cannot be done, except in mathematics or some field approaching it for exactitude. Actually to prove that there was no D'Avious, I would have to examine the names of all living human beings. The prosecution had come to believe that no D'Avious existed, and they would be happy to have from me any possible confirmation. On the other hand, if there was a D'Avious, they would be happy to find him. As far as I was concerned, it was only another scholarly project—hew to the line of fact, and let the implications fall.

There is, of course, no way in which you can set about work at *not* finding a name, except to do nothing at all. The only method of work was to start looking *for* the name. If intelligently planned efforts should progress without finding it, then the mathematical chance against its existence would rise rapidly. This would never amount to absolute proof. But, then, very few things in connection with a murder trial or with human life in general are susceptible to absolute proof. Juries usually have to be content with high probability.

I codified the information which I had received, and listed four points of use. First, there was the spelling of the name. Second, there was its pronunciation. Third, D'Avious was said to have been a Latin American. Fourth, he had been in the United States with some kind of diplomatic connection. The significance of this last information was that it spotted him as a Latin American of the upper class, one who, for instance, would be likely to have a telephone.

The pronunciation (Dee-A-vious) was an impossible one for either Spanish or Portuguese. It was patently suspect, a primary indication that Motherwell might have coined the name himself.

"A UNIVERSITY," runs the trite definition, "is an association of scholars." Few people stop to think what this means practically. From my point of view it now meant that I could muster to my help a really appalling amount of erudition. By virtue of that institution called a university, these men were my colleagues and my friends. It was a question of making a telephone call, or walking down the corridor.

Although I know something about Romance languages, I am no expert in Romance philology. But there is no one sounder in that field than Professor Yakov Malkiel, and I talked with him. Without even consulting a book, he could tell me that the name was not Spanish or Portuguese, and even that the combination *-iou-* could not normally exist in those languages. Similarly, I checked off Catalán. Only when I got to my friend Professor Ronald Walpole of the French Department, did I find someone who would give the name a theoretical hospitality. D'Avious, he said, could not be standard French, as indeed I could see for myself, but it might have arisen from a southern dialect of French. He had not, however, ever seen the name.

At this point I had achieved a slight set-back for Mr. Compton. I telephoned him that the name might be French. I also asked him whether

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Motherwell really knew how to spell the name and whether there were any variant spellings. It turned out that there was a spelling D'Avios. The existence of the variant almost doubled my task, but it made no great change in the linguistic situation.

AT THIS point I ended what I may call the theoretical approach. There was, now, no appreciable likelihood that one would find the name in, say, India or Russia. To discover whether such a name—and, consequently, such a family or such a man—existed, one must direct attention toward Latin America. One should also study France, and the adjacent countries. Plainly, since the man was said to have been in the United States, one must study the United States. The time for expert opinions had passed. Now I must settle down to that patient and careful search upon which, eventually, most scholarship is based.

First, in the university library I hunted for the name in general works of reference, such as encyclopedias and dictionaries of biography. Along with these, and of even more importance, were scholarly works on the origin of family names. Some of these are very large. One of them, for instance, lists 150,000 German family names. Since no harm ever comes from flinging a wide net, I checked such works for every European country from Greece to Norway. I paid especial attention to France, checking Chapuy's work, and the more recent two-volume study of the late outstanding French scholar on names, Albert Dauzat. I looked both for D'Avious and D'Avios, and also for Avious and Avios, on the chance that the name might appear without the preposition. Total result: nothing.

Then I started in on telephone books, of which the library has a large collection. I did all this work, I may say, myself. A scholar should not take the witness stand on the authority of hired help.

I checked Paris, and that other great French-speaking city, Brussels. I checked Geneva, and other districts of French-speaking Switzerland. I checked Madrid, Barcelona, Lisbon, Milan and Florence. Since the Philippines have a Spanish background, I checked Manila. I turned to Latin America, and proceeded systematically—from Mexico City to Santiago. I could not get anything for Paraguay and Ecuador, but I did not miss much else. I examined the telephone books of about fifty of our own largest cities, and of a few smaller ones.

I continued to look for the name with and without the D, and with and without the apostrophe, and for any name which even resembled either of the two spellings. The work was not unexciting; there was always the possibility of finding what I sought, and I was on the track of a murderer. I noted a few similar names. I can tell you that Davio is found occasionally in the United States. I also found Daviess. I can inform you also that there is a single Daviu in Barcelona, and a single Daviou in Buenos Aires. But the only name that really made me pause was the one Davios in Manhattan—Steve Davios.

To be sure, Davios is not D'Avios and much less D'Avious, but I telephoned to Mr. Compton. He was immediately interested, and said that he would have the name checked in New York, and would try to "negative" it.

ON THE morning of March 7, I was driving toward Downieville. (Since I am interested in names, I should perhaps tell you that it is named after "Major" N. William Downie, a Scot, who discovered gold there in November, 1849.) There was a heavy rain, and beautiful ribbon-falls were cascading down the sides of the steep canyon.

It is a little town of fewer than 500 inhabitants, remembered in history chiefly for the hanging of Juanita in 1851—the only woman to be lynched in California, even during the turbulent gold-rush period. The incident had served as a piquant background for a murder trial, and my newspaper had been playing the whole case as a local-color comedy. I found nothing of this on the spot. The little courtroom was filled with local people, interested but hushed. The jury was attentive; the judge, dignified. Even the opposing lawyers did not play to the stage unnecessarily. The whole atmosphere was serious, befitting a trial which might lead to an execution.

Most of the morning I spent in a small room, waiting there with other witnesses. Among them was an FBI man who had just flown in from New York. He had examined Steve Davios, and had been able to "negative" him. This Davios was born on the Greek island of Tenos. His name may be Italian rather than Greek in origin, since the Venetians have exercised a strong influence on many of the Aegean islands. He had told the FBI agent that he was, as far as he knew, the only person by that name in the United States. On hearing this, I thought I had done my work well, even though I had not found the name in Greece or Italy. Its occurrence, however, served as another reminder of the difficulty of spotting a name on theoretical grounds. By all the rules I could find, this name should not be borne by a Greek, and a professor of Greek background with whom I had checked had said that he had never heard of the name in Greece and did not believe it to be Greek.

While I was waiting, another witness was testifying (as I was later told) about some exhaustive but fruitless work at trying to find D'Avious in the records in Washington, D.C. With some scorn, the counsel for the defense had asked, "And did you try South America?" The situation was thus well set for me.

After eleven o'clock I took the stand. Mr. Compton established me as an expert witness. I then told about what I have told here, including my search through Latin America telephone books. The jury seemed attentive.

The counsel for the defense cross-questioned. At one point he brought his own family name into the discussion, as if a little publicity would not be scorned. He asked me to spell a certain name which he pronounced somewhat like D'Avious, probably trying to establish that a name cannot be exactly spelled from pronunciation. He asked me if I had found many names beginning D' (yes) and

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many beginning D'A (not so many). He asked me if I had not sometimes seen the name D'Avis (I do not remember having seen it).

I had a good moment when he demanded, with the suggestion of a sneer, whether there was any particular term to designate the specialty which I presumed to profess. I replied, "Onomatology." What the court reporter made of it, I am still wondering. Afterwards, one of the reporters asked me how to spell it.

On March 15, the jury rendered a verdict of guilty of first degree murder, and on March 24, Motherwell was given a life sentence.

WHAT THEN is the solution to the mystery of D'Avious? Certainly I have not proved the universal negative. Someone reading this article may write me that he knows the name, or even that he bears it. But I believe that this chance is small. Most likely it is a coined name. Most people, when I say this, reply, "But with so many names in the world, to imagine a new one is a great and almost impossible feat!"

This is not so. When writing a novel, I have sometimes wished to give an unpleasant character a name which would not possibly reflect upon any living person. I have thus, without great difficulty, coined several plausible names which do not exist, as far as I have ever determined. There are an estimated 350,000 names in the United States alone; even so, the capacities of our language, its permutations and combinations, are so great that the number of possible names is nowhere nearly exhausted.

Motherwell is, among other things, a man of creative, though sometimes macabre, imagination — witness his burying a baby's body in a pet cemetery. He also has, apparently, an interest in names. He has passed under various aliases.

D'Avious, as seems likely, is not a real name but a product of the imagination; I can suggest ways in which it may have originated. Generally speaking, a novelist or anyone else coining a new name, starts from something familiar, and makes a variation on it. For instance, I once developed the name Martiness from the English name of Martin and the Spanish name Martínez. (Obviously I have a Mexican and not a Castilian pronunciation.) Similarly, Motherwell may have started from the common name Davis. He had to insert only one letter to arrive at Davios, and only two letters to arrive at Davious. Then, he had merely to give it what seemed to him a French or Spanish appearance by inserting the apostrophe. (Probably he knows no French or Spanish, or he would not have pronounced it in the way that he did.) Also I remember with some curiosity that Motherwell's lawyer asked me if I had ever seen the name D'Avis.

There is another possibility. The start could have been the word *devious,* which calls for the shift of only one letter and a little dressing up. Thus its coiner could enjoy a private joke by spelling D'Avious and thinking Devious.

The concern about the name, even involving the bringing of the FBI man from New York, is some indication of the care and expense with which a modern murder trial must be conducted. As for my own participation, I can draw, I suppose, the already often-drawn conclusion that basic research is never to be altogether despised. Onomatology is not usually to be considered a practical study. Yet, on occasion, such a practical organization as the Attorney General's Office can be rendered happy at finding that the state university has propagated an onomatologist.

MONITORS vs. the TEAMSTERS . . *by William Goffen*

LAST WEEK'S ousting of Godfrey P. Schmidt as attorney for the dissident Teamsters, and the scheduled trial next month of James Hoffa on charges of misusing his union's funds, focus attention on what Justice Felix Frankfurter has called "a most unusual manifestation of the equity powers" of a court—the monitorship which has ruled the union since early 1958.

Shortly after the union election of 1957, thirteen rank-and-file dissidents, then represented by Schmidt, instituted legal action to set the election aside as "rigged." After twenty-two days of trial, the plaintiffs rested, whereupon the defendants (the union's elected officials), agreed to a settlement without ever having taken the stand in their own defense. The terms were expressed in a consent decree entered on January 31, 1958, by Judge F. Dickinson Letts of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, who had presided over the trial.

The settlement provided for a board of three monitors to serve until a new convention for the election of officers. One of the monitors appointed by Judge Letts was Schmidt. The officials who had been elected at the 1957 convention were to serve provisionally until the new election, which the General Executive Board of the Teamsters was authorized to call after one year, and the balloting was to be held with such guarantees of the democratic process as the secret ballot and supervision by an outside agency like the Honest Ballot Association.

Had the defendants, instead of agreeing to a settlement, gone through with the trial and then lost, the victorious plaintiffs would have achieved no more than the prompt calling of a new convention and an election under court supervision. Since Hoffa, who had been chosen president at the 1957 convention by overwhelming vote, seemed certain

WILLIAM GOFFEN, co-author of New York Criminal Law, *teaches law at the College of the City of New York and is chairman of the New York Friends Committee on Legislation.*

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to win again in a new election conducted under any conditions, it is difficult to understand why defense counsel consented to the agreement calling for a monitorship.

AS AUTHORIZED by the consent decree, the Teamsters' General Executive Board issued a call for a new convention and election for March, 1959. At this point Schmidt, who had signed the consent decree as plaintiffs' counsel, nevertheless petitioned Judge Letts to postpone the balloting. The Judge obliged by issuing a modification order postponing the holding of any new election until such time as recommended by the Board of Monitors.

Schmidt's opposition to a new ballot (which under the terms of the agreement would have dissolved the monitorship and terminated the lawsuit) is understandable for reasons other than his professed concern for the welfare of the rank-and-file Teamsters he represented. Since February, 1958, the Board of Monitors has taken more than $350,000 in fees out of the dues of the rank-and-file membership. In addition, Schmidt and his co-counsel have so far claimed sums amounting to $210,000, plus expenditures exceeding $17,000, for services as plaintiffs' attorneys.

Judge Letts's modification order, aside from postponing the election to which the Teamsters' membership was entitled, granted to the monitors unlimited authority to investigate the international union and its locals, and even to institute disciplinary proceedings leading to expulsion of its duly elected officials. The court avowed that the plaintiffs had proved that the 1957 convention was "rigged" even though the case had been voluntarily settled without a single word of testimony on behalf of the defendants.

Hoffa and his fellow union officials appealed the modification order in vain; the Court of Appeals sustained the power to prohibit an election, although at the discretion of Judge Letts rather than of the monitors. If this determination is a sound precedent, it would appear that any litigant is ill-advised to settle his lawsuit, but should always fight his case until final judgment.

While generally upholding Judge Letts, the Court of Appeals did find that Schmidt had been guilty of conflict of interest, in that while serving as a monitor, he further profited by representing numerous employers in their negotiations with the Teamsters. Forced to resign as monitor, he was permitted by Judge Letts to appoint Lawrence T. Smith, a member of his own law firm, as his successor. And until last week, he continued as plaintiffs' counsel. [Judge Letts has now also dismissed Smith, and the original three-man monitorship has been reduced to one.—Ed.]

Despite the extraordinary national and legal importance of a case involving denial of due process through judicial deprivation of the right of 1,600,000 union members to a free election, the United States Supreme Court has refused review. Attorneys for the plaintiffs have argued persistently that a democratic election was impossible without a prior, undefined "housecleaning" of the union. This aspect has been given widespread coverage by the press. Yet, according to the Election Institute (specialists in the conduct of honest labor elections), and the Honest Ballot Association, a free and democratic election could have been arranged for the Teamsters in three months, let alone the long-expired one-year minimum set by the consent decree.

The refusal of the Supreme Court to act has apparently been construed by Judge Letts and the monitors as a warrant for wide-ranging intervention in the internal affairs of the union. Judge Letts has granted subpoena power to the monitors, despite the absence of statutory authority for its exercise. The monitors, for their part, are presently engaged in an attempt to oust Hoffa as president and as a member of the Teamsters. Their chief ground—it is the issue involved in the Hoffa trial scheduled for next month—is that Hoffa was guilty of a conflict of interest in connection with a project in Sun Valley, Florida, for the construction of homes for aged Teamster members. At one point in the course of complicated realty and bank negotiations, Hoffa had an option to purchase stock in the firm which was to construct the homes.

It is ironic that Hoffa and Schmidt, who for so long have been battling each other in and out of the courts, should both stand accused of conflicts of interest. The trial, of course, will fix Hoffa's legal responsibility in the Sun Valley affair. But it seems reasonable to draw a distinction, on moral grounds at least, between the acts charged to Hoffa and those of Schmidt's which resulted in the latter's dismissal as a monitor. Whatever profit Hoffa may personally have stood to gain in the Sun Valley project, his union would have gained an old people's home—certainly a worthy plan. But Schmidt's activities, while of profit to himself and perhaps to the employers in whose behalf he negotiated with the union, can in no way be construed as having profited the Teamsters, whose membership, as a monitor, he was supposed to protect.

THE TEAMSTERS' membership has expressed its opposition to the monitorship through the following petition to Judge Letts:

> We, the undersigned members of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, want an election of officers of the I.B.T. now. We do not want the monitorship which is eroding the foundations of our union by maligning our membership, generating an atmosphere of fear, weakening our organizational functions and depleting our treasury.

There can be no question of a Hoffa victory if a new election were to be held. The union, as a matter of fact, has "never had it so good." While other unions — notably the Auto Workers, Steelworkers and Machinists — have been losing membership, the Teamsters gained more than 20,000 new members last year.

The truth is that to deprive union members of the right to vote for their international officers is no more defensible, legally, than to deprive stockholders of their right to elect the officers of U.S. Steel.

It would seem that if the Teamsters' monitors sincerely believed that a union "housecleaning" was desirable, they would willingly withdraw their opposition to an election, the democratic way for "housecleaning" of any group. Their continued opposition can be regarded as consistent with a general tendency, in recent years, to erode labor's rights.

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The Thaw and the Spider's Web

KHRUSHCHEV'S RUSSIA. By Edward Crankshaw. Penguin Books. 175 pp. Original paperback. 85c.

Harold J. Berman

FOR MANY YEARS Western thought concerning the Soviet Union was strongly influenced by the theory that totalitarianism inevitably results in the ever-increasing dehumanization and impoverishment of the people living under it and an ever-increasing use of police terror against them. That theory has now been disproved. A Communist system does not inevitably get worse and worse. The experience of seven years since Stalin's death demonstrates that there can be a fairly long period, at least, of relaxation of pressure and of increased freedom and prosperity.

Today another theory has become popular—that the industrialization and urbanization of Soviet society inevitably result in a progressive stabilization of social relations, the emergence of a strong managerial class, an emphasis upon consumer satisfaction, and the loosening of political and ideological controls. In Khrushchev's words, quoted on the title page of Edward Crankshaw's book, "We are getting richer and when a person has more to eat he gets more democratic."

The trouble with both theories lies in the word "inevitably," for both "totalitarianism" and "industrialization" are abstract concepts from which nothing follows "inevitably."

Crankshaw is too good a journalist, and he knows Russia too intimately, to allow abstractions to obscure human realities; in *Khrushchev's Russia* he writes not of communism but of Russia living under a Communist system, not of industrialization but of Russia living in an era of industrialization. He writes of Khrushchev, of the Soviet peasant, of the writer's struggle for freedom. He therefore adds human and historical variables to the analysis. Nevertheless, his vivid portrayal is conceived largely in terms of the current theory—the result being a very "up-to-date" and informative book, which must be taken seriously in terms of how things look now, but which is subject to important qualifications in long-range perspective.

THE THEME of the book is that Stalin's policies after World War II were an aberration, and that the liberalization which followed his death in 1953 is a more or less permanent feature of Soviet life, inherent in the increased economic complexity of the society. Thus Crankshaw compares the pre-war period of forced labor, of a regimented unskilled proletariat, and of an oppressed peasantry, with the early days of the English industrial revolution, albeit the Russian experience was "far more violent and condensed." "Then there comes a time," he writes, "when the machines have multiplied and skill is at a premium: now the workers have to be cared for. It was this stage which the Soviet industrial revolution was approaching when Germany invaded Russia in 1941 and threw everything back." After the war the Russian people expected a new and milder type of government, "but Stalin thought otherwise." "There was to be no let-up at all." In order to build Soviet military might, "everything else was neglected: housing, clothes, consumer goods, transport, food production. The people were worked to a standstill or to apathy."

Thus "Stalin was a Frankenstein to the Soviet Union"; he did not understand the society which he had conjured into being by his industrial program and which, toward the end, he was slowly strangling. Increasingly paranoiac in his last years, he "died in the nick of time to prevent a new Terror." His successors understand their society much better; their reforms have been a response to its inherent requirements. Crankshaw sums this up:

> The important thing to grasp is that the Thaw, of which we heard so much some years ago, is still in being. That is to say, the atmosphere, the mood, and the physical conditions of life in the Soviet Union today are all very strikingly different from what they were under Stalin—so much so that it is impossible to believe that they can ever revert to their old state. Life in every conceivable way has changed very much for the better, and it continues to change for the better, regardless of intermittent checks here and there which have been especially noticeable in the sphere of literature and drama: it is not merely better in degree; it is different in kind.

IT IS welcome to have the myth dispelled "that there was a steady development of the great Thaw from March, 1953, to October, 1956, followed, after Budapest, by a Freeze which has grown steadily more rigorous." As Crankshaw points out, there have been ups and downs from 1953 on, but the general direction has been one of continuing reform and continuing relaxation of political and ideological pressures.

It is also welcome to have the myth dispelled that Khrushchev "is a doctrinaire Leninist who is trying to emulate Stalin—in any case a self-contradictory conception." Khrushchev's position is, as Crankshaw stresses, very different from Stalin's, and his policies have little to do with Marxist dogma. In any event, the current movement of liberalization has a momentum of its own which does not depend on the personalities of the individual leaders.

Nevertheless, it is at least paradoxical to explain the period from May, 1945, to March, 1953, as the product of Stalin's idiosyncrocies and then to explain the period from March, 1953, to the present as the inevitable consequence of a mature industrial system.

The very sharp contrast which is drawn between Stalin's Russia and Khrushchev's is not borne out by facts which Crankshaw himself presents. The whole society did not change overnight! For a foreigner, it is true, the difference is as between black and white; for many Russians—especially those whom foreigners are apt to meet—it is nearly as great. But on the whole, things are not as good under Khrushchev as many would have it—nor were they as bad under Stalin.

To defend Stalin at this late date is not a pleasant task. Yet we cannot simply accept the judgment of his successors that the credit for recent Soviet achievements is all theirs. (Their denigration of him is by no means an admission against interest, as many in the West assume.) It is true that Stalin refused to give the people freedom after the war, for fear—as Crankshaw indicates—of losing Eastern Europe and failing to catch up with the United States in atomic weapons. Stalin had

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HAROLD J. BERMAN is Professor of Law at the Harvard Law School and a Research Associate, the Russian Research Institute, Harvard University. Among his books are Justice in Russia *and* The Russians in Focus.

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the nerve to re-mobilize his people, despite the loss of probably thirty million lives during the war, for military and industrial production—and to make sure that none would openly criticize him for doing so. This was not necessarily a policy based on paranoia, and it is doubtful that his successors—who were then his associates—would have done otherwise.

Nor is it fair to Stalin to say that "everything else was neglected"—when, as appears on other pages, "By 1951 there was marked improvement [in consumer goods and food production]," and "in 1950-1951 conditions became a little easier," and "it has to be remembered that life in the Soviet Union was beginning to improve even before Stalin's death."

Finally, and most important, it is exaggerated to say that in Stalin's last years the whole country "was effectively ruled by Beria's political police, which forbade the development of initiative and a sense of responsibility, while encouraging apathy, column-dodging and corruption." By the mid-1930s Stalin had established a system of social and economic relations which gave full play to individual initiative and responsibility in many areas. Equal educational opportunities, strong economic incentives, managerial responsibility, family stability, rights of personal property and inheritance, legality in matters not directly connected with politics—these were as much a part of the post-1936 Stalinist system as political purges and the "cult of personality."

THE BIG CHANGE since 1953 and 1954, the difference in kind, is the sharp reduction of police terror and the broader freedom to criticize. But as Crankshaw himself makes clear, the freedom to criticize is still always subject to the limits set by the leadership, which has never for a moment renounced its power—and its intention—to bring the terror back if it should prove necessary. Today almost every Russian will assert, "The Terror cannot return—it is gone forever"; but if one replies, "You do not mean that it *cannot* return—you mean that you think it *will* not return," some will frankly say, "That's right."

"The problem of government in the Soviet Union today," Crankshaw writes, "is how to use these very necessary forces [of initiative, freedom to criticize, sense of personal responsibility] without letting them quite get out of control." Stalin also understood this as "the problem of government," and he encouraged initiative and a sense of responsibility to a much greater degree than is realized —where his own authority was not at stake. Crankshaw quotes an unpublished statement of Khrushchev to the writers of Moscow to the effect that the Hungarian government could have avoided revolution if it had shot some of the Hungarian writers in time, and that if a similar situation ever arose in the USSR, "my hand will not tremble."

The *long-range* problem of government in the Soviet Union is whether the Soviet leaders are willing to establish not merely a mood, or a policy, of freedom and initiative but also an institutional framework which will make freedom and initiative secure from their own intervention. There are signs that they recognize the need for such an institutional framework. The renewed emphasis upon law, and the substantial reforms in law which have already been effected, are such a sign. The development of a committee system in the Supreme Soviet is another such sign. The strengthening of the role of the Central Committee of the Communist Party—symbolized most strikingly in the use of its veto power over the Presidium on the occasion of the attempted ouster of Khrushchev in June, 1957—is still another such sign. The decentralization of industrial organization is perhaps another—for the opposite reason from that which Crankshaw suggests: not because through it "at a single blow Khrushchev took control of industry away from the new managerial class," but because it may have strengthened the hand of the managers at the intermediate and lower levels against the central bureaucracy in Moscow.

IT IS not clear how much importance Khrushchev himself attaches to such legal and institutional changes. Crankshaw, in any case, pays almost no attention to them. He interprets Khrushchev's program primarily as an effort to revitalize the Communist Party, rather than as the establishment of a more rational political, economic and legal structure which would have a life of its own. He stresses Khrushchev's "passion for organization," and rightly sees him as "a supreme politician, a first-class manager of men and a human dynamo," but neglects his role as a legislator.

Seen in this light, Khrushchev's great contribution to Soviet politics is his belief that terror is inefficient and unnecessary and that, by a common effort of will and enthusiasm, the Soviet people can lift their society to new heights. So far he has been enormously successful. But the doubt remains as to how he will respond to setbacks and crises, whether at home or abroad. Moreover, as the memories of war-time and immediate postwar hardships recede, the Russian people are becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the pace of their progress. As Crankshaw well says, "the Russians are the most patient people in the world when there is nothing to hope for, but once hope enters the room they become very impatient indeed." Khrushchev's boundless energy for reorganizing everything feeds this impatience at the same time that it attempts to overcome it.

Thus one cannot avoid the conclusion that Khrushchev's Russia is a stage in the transition from Stalin's Russia to something else. If it is to lead to a stable Russia, a Russia capable of organic growth and not subject to recurrent spells of feverish tension, it must create enduring forms of relationship among people, and between people and government. In this sense, the principal key to Khrushchev's Russia is not Khrushchev's dynamic personality, not the new intellectual climate, not the increase in consumer goods, not the progress of Soviet industry and agriculture—as important as all these are—but rather the underlying institutional structure which is being spun, like a spider's web, as Stalin's successors seek to adapt the system which he created to new tasks.

I Have Said Often

I have said often how one word
(As clappers in huge bells will toss)
Can writhe and tumble in my skull.
Listen: *Loss, loss, loss.*

Never to walk down Franklin Street
In night's and autumn's fine, fine rain,
Two in the shoplights warm and sweet,
Gingerbread for a brain;

Never to see December's eve
Array snow crystals in your hair
For weddings no one would believe,
Practically then and there;

Never, never to force June hours
In sport of beechwood—why say more?
Never to live. An old man cowers
In my bones grown so poor.

Fingers must feed. Their nourishment
Is touch whereof flesh understands
The shape of presence, fit and full.
See these dear starving hands.

I talk in reason; reason fails
With *loss, loss* crying when I speak.
I write, and not one word avails.
Pity me: I am weak.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

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The Practice of Literature

THE THIRD ROSE: GERTRUDE STEIN AND HER WORLD. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Little, Brown. & Co. 427 pp. $6.

Gene Baro

GERTRUDE STEIN was a totemic figure, frequently inspiring extremes of religious awe or damning irreverence. Her utterances were delphic, sybilline. Her artistic and literary friendships were ritualized: Miss Stein was painted and expounded; in turn, she purchased paintings and memorialized in prose portraits. Would-be acquaintances made a pilgrimage to Miss Stein in the Rue de Fleurus, or elsewhere. If they appeared to have a vocation, they were accepted as acolytes. In time, even an initially casual visitor might hope to address Miss Stein and her vicar as Gertrude and Alice.

There is no point in dwelling upon particular saints or apostates. Nothing much is to be gained by detailing, for instance, the substitution of Miss Toklas for Leo Stein. Of more importance is the process whereby Gertrude Stein, an American Jewess of the middle class, became, first, a literary cult and, finally, with the cooperation of such as *Life* magazine, Random House and the United States Army, an American cultural religion, the super-literary mother of us all.

She was willing, and the times were right. Miss Stein appears on the American scene as the Brahmin culture of New England declines, as the frontier closes, as urbanization and industrialization take another leap forward. There is a vast new native population ready for culture, able to afford it, eager to be directed to good taste, to sound values, to the contemporary best.

This very desire for a better life of deeper significance created a vulgarization of existing standards. The decade before the First World War was stuffed to bursting with expanding materialism and cultural platitudes; it was the decade whose excesses, coupled with those of the war, promoted the disillusion and moral anarchy we know as the modern temper and prepared the religion of culture as we know it.

In fact, Gertrude Stein is a precursor, a veritable primitive. More sophisticated literary religions came shortly to be founded in the names of T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis and James Joyce, supported by a numerous evangelical discipleship of New Critics. Conventional morality was defunct; during the twenties, the notion was established for succeeding generations of young Americans that moral excellence lay in the study and practice of the arts. Of course, greater excellence lay in right discrimination and right emulation. Too often, cultural salvation seemed merely a matter of admiring selected works, of reading particular poets or dramatists (though, as Ezra Pound typically put it, "I should never try to stop a man's reading Aeschylus or Sophocles").

The hunger to have arrived, financially and culturally, is a striking aspect of American aspiration in the first half of the twentieth century. Presently, even these criteria of esteem and self-esteem are giving way, under the mounting pressure of mass communication, to a more exacting and measurable standard, popularity. It is no cultural accident that Gertrude Stein wound up publishing in the pages of *Life*, that T. S. Eliot has essayed the Broadway theatre and the University lecture platform, that William Faulkner has written for Hollywood, that Igor Stravinsky makes a TV debut.

Admittedly, any kind of public success demands singular qualities of temperament. These Gertrude Stein had in abundance; they were a necessary, though perhaps ultimately an invidious, adjunct to her literary talent. She was ambitious, and she courted a following. Moreover, she was somewhat ruthless to those who did not favor her. Did she desire public fame chiefly in order to bring her serious work before the public? Alas, it seems likely that she enjoyed fame for its own sake, though she recognized a threat to her identity in popular acclaim.

THE public Miss Stein obscured the artist. However, that she *was* an artist goes without saying. She was engaged, most of her adult life, in what was a perfectly valid literary undertaking. Her studies in psychology and physiology, her experiences with the theory and practice of the cubist painters, led her to attempt a literature of disassociation, of the fragmentation of syntax and the rhythmic reordering of words to convey unfamiliar meanings and definable emotions. She was interested in creating new objects and in conditioning her reader to them by maintaining for him a sense of the continuous present; the meaning of many of her works *is* the reading of them.

However, she made the mistake of explaining her practices in the language of her method. Her literary theories, given in Steinese, are her most cryptic pronouncements; they seem willfully eccentric and obscurantist.

Yet another difficulty arose because readers commonly associate and do not easily disassociate. Miss Stein came often to be read in a way directly contrary to her intention, that is, for the ideas, images and relationships that her strange combinations suggested. It is likely that she never had even a small audience wholly concerned with what she was actually attempting to accomplish; and, for that matter, only a devoted specialist would perhaps be interested to discover her degree of success, even supposing an adequate measure could be devised.

Even her more sympathetic followers, Sherwood Anderson among them, read Gertrude Stein for what her method incidentally implied for the writing craft. In fairness, it might be said that her contribution is a fundamental one, but that her method has limited interest and practical applicability.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN, in his intelligent and excellently thorough study of Miss Stein, points out that she was, in a sense, the culmination of a tradition, a kind of last nineteenth-century Romantic in the more coldly rational world of twentieth-century letters. Indeed, she contrasts vividly with James Joyce, that other great contemporary experimenter with language, whose methods were so opposite to her own, being constructivist and associative. Where Miss Stein was out to explore the non-rational functions of words, Joyce was concerned to make the words he knew into a synthetic language—for example, concealing in an intelligent and orderly way the names of five hundred rivers, where intelligent and orderly minds could rediscover them.

But if James Joyce earned public prominence through his severe devotion to his writings, Gertrude Stein earned hers with a similar, unflagging devotion to the *practice* of literature. After all, her emphasis was always upon process, and she, too, had the sober respect for culture that her background provides. And her role gradually came to be that of the spokesman, the oracle, if you will, of the satisfactions and sacrifices of the creative life. She encouraged and dis-

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GENE BARO is the author of "Northwind and Other Poems," published by Scribner's in Poets of Today VI. *Mr. Baro is on the English faculty of Bennington College.*

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couraged with large impartiality; but her physical availability, her delight in society, her susceptibility to the young and talented and, finally, to the merely young, the GI's of the Second World War, gave her popularity. What her life work was, few troubled to care. She had succumbed to her public self.

This image of Miss Stein fascinates, and one wishes that Mr. Brinnin's study, valuable as it is, had gone somewhat deeper into the exceptional factors of personality that allowed Miss Stein to function in the contexts that she did. Possibly, it is too early for this kind of investigation. Still, the bland discretion of these pages seems something of a fault. I suppose one longs for a Boswellian version of this remarkable woman.

Eenie, Meenie

THE LORE AND LANGUAGE OF SCHOOLCHILDREN. By Iona and Peter Opie. Oxford University Press. 417 pp. $8.

Kenneth Rexroth

ONE BY ONE, all the books I wish I had time to write get written. Sometimes, after they come out, I still wish I'd done them myself, but not this one. It is a model of folklore collecting and like so much of the best folklorism in all countries, it seems to have been done by a couple with no great scholarly standing—at least previously—and with no Scholarships, Fellowships, Funds or Bourses. If the Fords or the Rockefellers or the Bollingens or the Guggenheims had financed this they'd be passing it around the office right now and they'd all be as proud and happy as mudlarks.

This is not a collection of material of the Mother Goose type — folk poetry which adults teach children. It is all child-originated culture — the skip rope songs, counting out rhymes, parodies, mocking verses, superstitions, of children themselves. There is nothing like it in English that comes close to being as extensive. The work of Dorothy Howard and Patricia Evans in America is more intensive, but so far they have not equaled the Opies in bulk, or in geographic range. Sixty-three elementary schools, scattered evenly across the British Isles from Northern Scotland to Land's End, contributed material steadily for several years. The Opies corresponded extensively with both students and teachers and visited a large number of the schools. Besides this, their acknowledgment pages list hundreds of individual informants and secondary sources.

It might be thought that most of these jingles and jokes and customs would be specially and peculiarly British. Indeed they are not. The hidden civilization of childhood is close to being at least Pan-European. The specific customs and poems are spread throughout the English-speaking world. Not only *are* they spread, they *do* spread right now. Parodies of the Davy Crockett song not only jump the Atlantic from Maryland to Shropshire, they leap the Pacific and appear in Australia within a couple of months.

THE child world is a coherent primitive culture lying right at our door. I do not accept the Levy-Bruhl hypothesis. I know primitive people are not childlike — but children are cultural primitives. Some aspects of their ways find parallel in barbaric cultures, some in hunting and gathering peoples, others appear as traces in our own Neolithic. Irrespective of their values for culture history, they have a far greater value for us as being the immediate roots of contemporary culture. Moreover, since the activities of children are confined for the most part to very small ranges of age—sixth graders despise the games and jingles of fourth graders—many culture processes are greatly accelerated, and can be studied as we study heredity with fruit flies. On the other hand, children seem extraordinarily conservative: stale jokes, trick conundrums, bits of doggerel, can be traced back with little change to Elizabethan times. Also, childhood holiday activities preserve some of the most ancient rites and customs of the European peoples.

A discussion of the poetic virtues of these jingles would have to be complex and subtle; it would run to many pages. Sufficient to say that they embody not only psychological and historical sources of poetry, but in many instances exhibit the fundamentals of poetic stimulus and response. One of the best collections of this type is Claude Roy, *Tresor de la Poésie Populaire,* published by Seghers, which also includes the bulk of French Mother Goose poetry. Roy himself has been greatly influenced by such poetry, but so has almost every other French poet of importance from Supervielle to Yves Bonnefoy. We know the great prevalence of such influences in German literature, beginning of course with Goethe. *Faust* itself, shall we say, is one enormous skip rope and counting

KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is the author of Bird in the Bush, *recently published by New Directions.*

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out rhyme? W. H. Auden introduced the mode into contemporary English poetry, but it never seems to have properly caught on. Possibly American poets do not care to use this material, but even so they should know it thoroughly. And so should children. There are a couple of scandalous chapters on pranks and jokes which my two little girls devoured with glee.

As a concluding note, I mention that the Opies are also the authors of *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* and *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book*. I would say that these three books are an essential part of the library for every student of culture, anthropologist or other, and for every serious student or practitioner of the art of letters.

ART

Maurice Grosser

MORE than a hundred landscapes of Claude Monet are on view through May 15 at the Museum of Modern Art. The paintings range from a *Beach at Sainte-Adresse*, done in 1865 when the artist was twenty-five, down to the waterlilies and flower improvisations left unsigned in the studio at his death in 1926.

Monet was a prodigious worker. He must have turned out in his life some two to three thousand canvases. Any collection now got together, however large, can present only a sampling of this monumental production. The present show somewhat neglects the earlier pictures done under the influence of Boudin, with their gentle contrasts of warms and cools (though there is a wonderful *Gare Saint Lazare* with sooty locomotives steaming under the station's shed-like roof, all in grays and blacks). Emphasis is rather placed on the more characteristic and brighter-colored works of the middle and later years. Particularly memorable are a dark *Waterloo Bridge*, heavy with the traffic of a foggy evening; *Mount Kolsaas* in Norway, half visible through the mist; the *Palazzo da Mula* in Venice, in a dark blue dusk and the *Palazzo Contarini* on a dark winter afternoon; and perhaps most splendid of all, the Metropolitan's *Rouen Cathedral* in the searing, blinding white of high noon.

There have been large Monet shows before, but this apparently is the first to reassemble some of the scattered members of Monet's famous "series" since they were first exhibited. Here shown together are nine pictures from the *Haystack* series, seven from the series of *Poplars on the River Epte*, six of *Rouen Cathedral* and six of the *Japanese Footbridge* which spanned the lily pond in his garden in Giverny. These series one has always heard about but never seen — how Monet, to capture particular effects of light, would paint the same subject, day after day, for two or three years on end, using a series of canvases, and working on each of them as long as each particular effect would last — until, for example, the morning mist had lifted, or the rising sun had touched a certain leaf. This, after the age of fifty, became Monet's standard practice. There were fifteen of the *Haystacks* in his exposition of 1891. The poplars themselves on the Epte he was forced to buy to prevent their being cut down in the middle of his painting them. And there exist some thirty *Rouen Cathedrals*, all different but all painted from the same second-story window.

TO MAKE possible such complex procedure, Monet adopted a radical simplification of the problems of composition. He ceased to compose in the classical sense. He did not arrange. Instead, like a photographer concentrating the emphasis of a print, he cropped. In all probability he used a small rectangular frame of the same proportions as his canvas — like the finder of a camera — to view his subject and determine just where the edges of his canvas should cut it off.

The Impressionist system of color he employed is fairly common knowledge — how colors could be mixed, not as pigments blended on the palette, but as spots of colored light blending in the beholder's eye. The extension of the system employed by Monet in the later pictures is less generally known. In this development, the landscape to be painted was thought of as if lighted on a stage — with the sun as a yellow spotlight, the sky as a bank of blue floods. Objects in shadow from the sun, but lit by the blue light of the sky, are colored blue by it. Things in shadow from both sun and sky are lit by the footlights made by sunlight on the ground, footlights which are red or orange if the ground is earth or clay, and green if there is grass. Distance is handled by treating the air itself as a tangible entity, and adding to the color of the distant objects the color of the intervening air — even on the clearest day never completely transparent. Furthermore, to compensate for the relative dullness of the indoor light by which the finished picture will be viewed, every tone put down is arbitrarily raised to the highest point of color saturation. Its chroma — that is to say its position on the color circle, its identity as a green-blue or orange-red — is preserved. But it is painted without any dulling, in paint as bright as possible. Thus a tan — which is considered as a dulled yellow — is transcribed as a bright golden yellow, a brown as a burnt orange, and a gray as a blue-violet or a bright pale blue.

ALL THIS together made up a system of painting that could be done by observation alone. It freed the painter from endless dilemmas of judgment and indecisions about taste. It rendered possible all sorts of hitherto impossible subject matters. And on account of the simplicities it provided, it was in large part responsible for the enormous productivity Monet was able to maintain in his later years.

This system is also what made the work at the same time so good and so uneven. The technical side of the pictures is always extraordinary — rich and supple and varied. Cézanne is reported as saying that Monet "was the most prodigious eye since there have been painters." But the taste and subject are sometimes considerably less satisfactory. A garish sunset in Venice is a garish sunset still. And the series of *Haystacks*, with all their exactitude of light and air and time of day, are lumpy as compositions, and trivial as pictures, simply because of their arbitrary triviality of subject matter. Monet himself must have realized the danger of such excessive simplification of motif, for in the subsequent series such as the *Poplars*, the *Cathedrals* and the *Waterlilies*, the subjects used are more intricate and much more presentable.

The pictures in the exhibition done during the last years of the artist's life are on the whole inferior. Those of the *Japanese Footbridge* series, painted when he was almost blind from double cataract, are harsh and gaudy in color, and quite disquieting in their melting, dripping forms. After an eye operation, his color vision rectified itself, and the pictures regain their serene and opulent tones. But though some of them are quite as interesting in their large and virtuoso manner as the earlier work, most of them seem to me singularly thin and empty — the work of a very old man. I suspect that they are admired because their principal merit is that their elaborate surface and thinness of image seem to prefigure one of the more formless modes of present-day abstraction.

Be this as it may, a great painter has a perfect right not to please us if he

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wishes. And Monet was a very great painter indeed, a painter who remade all of painting, who exercised an even more profound influence on his contemporaries than Cézanne has exercised on the painters of our time. This exhibition, done with the Modern Museum's usual studious historical presentation, is the largest and finest we are likely soon to see. It should not be missed.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

LIKE political candidates and other television performers, buildings seem to need TV makeup if they are to come through the camera into the living room and seem at all genuine. This was indicated last month when N.B.C. bravely attempted, on a valuable Saturday evening, to present a television guide to architecture, entitled "The Shape of Things." Because few of the buildings did wear TV makeup, or compensating camera technique, the program failed to come up to expectations. Most of the structures shown looked vaguely like the backgrounds of newsreels about revolutions. It would have been better to use architectural photographs (a very specialized craft) in series of stills, than to attempt this aimless kind of motion.

As the guide, or usher, the program employed a popular announcer named Hugh Downs, who has risen through sheer pleasantness of presence to the top of his business. An imperturbable man with mouse-bright eyes and a jovial way of delivering commercials, Downs's winning quality actually is restraint, an unconventional virtue on TV. But his manner did not serve him well on this occasion. It was depressing to see how many images could be shown in the course of an hour, with so few ideas conveyed. But perhaps ideas, even architectural ideas, cannot be shown by simply panning a camera impassively over them and talking pleasantly the while. Ideas imply combat, argument.

It is true that at intervals on "The Shape of Things," voices of architects — usually Philip Johnson's voice or the late Frank Lloyd Wright's — were heard expostulating on the soundtrack in the background. But the program should really have been an out-and-out debate, with searching illustrations, between someone like Johnson (a valedictorian of Mies van der Rohe's industrial style) and someone as close to Wright as possible, a robust romantic — each to challenge and explore the other. Men of ideas, opposed, quick, articulate and physically vehement, should have clashed.

A few days before seeing this TV program I had watched a rerun of Mike Wallace's famous TV inquisition of Wright ("How do you feel about sex, Mr. Wright?"). It was gripping. In Wallace, the aggressive reporter, Wright had a spinning stone from which to strike sparks ("It never bothered me"), and the air was filled. But on the recent N.B.C. hour Wright's voice merely dropped portentous phrases down the well of Downs's amiability, while Johnson, in the absence of argument, came through as a verbal embroiderer. For example, early in the hour Johnson's voice was heard darting on the soundtrack: "Architecture is not for people . . . ," trying to start an argument with himself, or with Downs, or with the listeners. But Downs smiled and the possibility passed. You can't strike sparks from a delicious turnip.

TO GET back to photography, there were just enough briefly emphatic shots of buildings among the hour's filmed murk to suggest that this is not an impossible medium for presenting the subject of architecture. For one thing, of course, a camera is a wonderful traveler. The best footage was of one of the tall new London County Council apartment houses. Also shown were the rows of Victorian hovels they are replacing. There were people too in this footage (a mute reply to Johnson's earlier sally, incidentally)—stubborn looking, dumpy, self-respecting English single-storey individuals who will certainly be changed by living in the new apartments in the sky. The cameras warmed again to their work in showing other buildings, in which tenants merely were implied, as in photography of the Beverly Hills mansions of the late Douglas Fairbanks and Wallace Beery. In general, however, the cameramen must have assumed that their job of photographing buildings was either too easy or impossible. People don't see buildings the way these cameras did, staring fixedly or swiveling on tripods, or slanting the structures against the sky. People usually walk into buildings, or by them, apprehending them in motion—a difficult view to reproduce by camera work, but not impossible.

This TV bite of architecture isn't the last one, I hope. With more care in photography, and with a smaller subject than the whole of architecture, and with a few illuminating arguments, it might yet focus.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

IT HAS BEEN some time since we last saw the Indians attack the settlers' cabin and I am grateful to John Huston for reviving this cherished vignette of American folklore in *The Unforgiven*. Also for the bit about the girl baby stolen from her cradle — only this time it was the palefaces who stole the little squaw. That, in fact, is what the beating of war drums is all about: the Indians want their daughter home and the young rancher finds that the girl he has always cherished as a sister means more than life itself to him when the ragged cavalry soldier with the archaic saber rides up to untangle the facts of her birth.

Huston spreads this boldly across the largest possible screen. The acting is minimal, but the action is electric, the country is bizarre and beautiful, the horses are spirited and the cast is as good as a certified check: Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, Lillian Gish, Audie Murphy and John Saxton. I doubt that such competition with television does Huston's reputation much good, but it

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is a reputable example of an American entertainment as indigenous and disarming as baseball.

And yet — we really cannot take Indian shooting with the innocent relish it once roused in us. Race, color, the dignity of peoples, the sanctity of exotic cultures are the guilt materials of our age. Huston knows this and does not quite treat the tribesmen as big game. He shows you their eyes behind the war paint, he stresses the settlers' paranoid hatred of the "red niggers." Therefore, when the war party attacks the ranchers' piano under the illusion that it contains the white man's "medicine," the scene is poignant; and when the young chief pours out his blood at the feet of his lost sister, the death is fratricide, not varmint killing.

Huston, in short, lets tragedy imply its presence in his range opera, but he seems also under pressure not to acknowledge it to the point of spoiling the fun. As a result, *The Unforgiven* tastes a little dubious in retrospect.

AS PART OF the cultural exchange program, the Russians have sent us their film, *The Cranes Are Flying*. I have the feeling that it was made with cultural exchange in mind — partly I feel this because it takes such pains to show us that the piano being played in one scene is a Steinway, more importantly because it struck me as being, not a Russian film, but a "foreign film." Except for the language, it could have passed for adequate work by some French, Italian, or German company. *The Cranes Are Flying* feels like an intelligent approximation of the sort of film that has been well received for years now in American art theatres.

There is certainly no reason why the Russians should not make a film they hope will "reach" us — particularly when they take a valid theme and treat it with some rigor. But my guess, if it is right, may explain why the picture seems cold, lacking in personality. The story is real and has a beautiful simplicity: an engaged couple is parted when he must go to war; the girl moves in with his family when her parents are killed in an air raid; his brother, exempt from the army by chicanery, seduces her at a moment when she is distraught by enemy bombing; she marries him in numb guilt, breaks from him in hatred and at the end is seen distributing flowers from a bouquet she has carried to the depot to welcome her true, dead love.

The couple is charming, the girl's faithlessness is compassionately understood, the tragedy that war serves out to strong and weak, noble and mean, with ironic impartiality is cleanly stated, the acting is direct and suggestive of character. The planning and the directing are what blur the effect. The allegory is shopworn (the couple unable to find each other in the crowd at the mustering depot); the atmosphere is obvious (the piano sonata prelude to seduction); the characters are stock (the sternly humane father, the self-effacing, understanding grandmother, the contemptuous older sister, the engaging, weak brother); the bitterness is calculated (the soldier in a swampy no-man's-land striking out at a comrade who has leered at a photograph of the faithless sweetheart). This is all material in the public domain; when it is used as the scaffolding of a picture, the viewer draws back and begins to study the proceedings for echoes.

The Cranes Are Flying says that the Russians hate and fear war. Almost more important, it says that the Russians understand tragedy in terms of individual experience and not as class dialectic. This is the most welcome sort of information, but the quality of the picture is such that its assertions lack the authority of evidence: it seems made for our acceptance.

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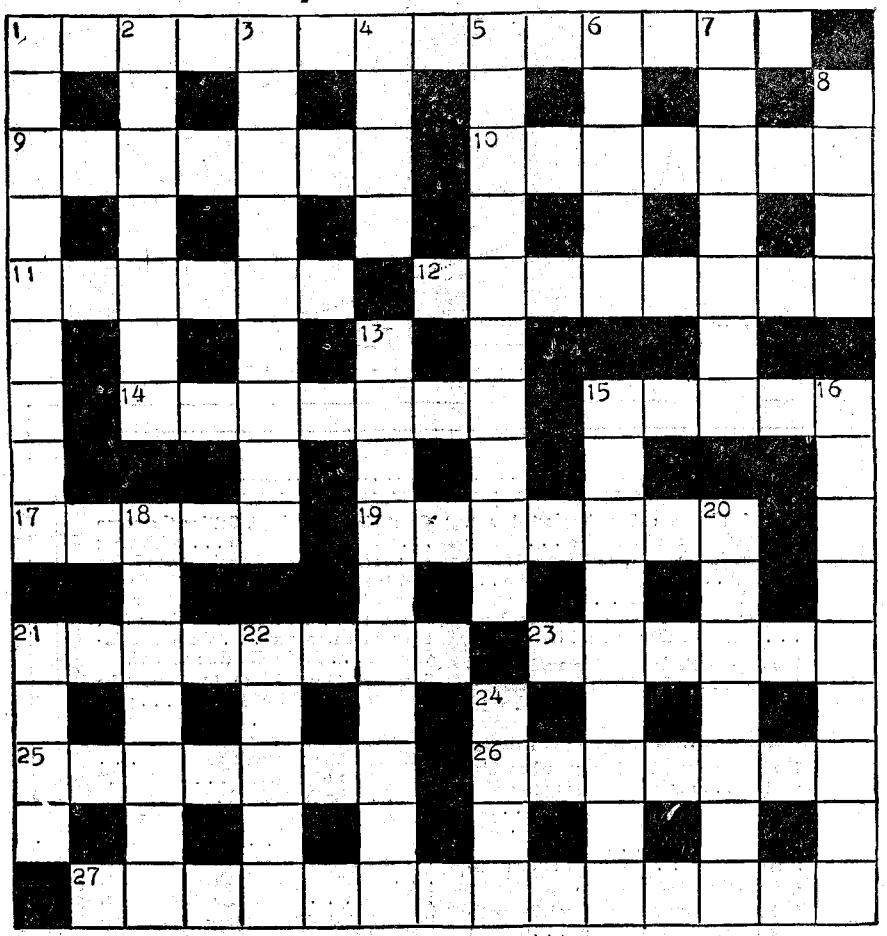

ACROSS:

1 Mr. Kane and Tommy overseas used to meet a national emergency. (7, 7)
9 Worn out in play. (3, 4)
10 Some performances are given with a chivalrous sound. (7)
11 See 13 down
12 Going along with a word of conclusion can make it. (8)
14 Justify something not so simple as it used to be? (7)
15 Sharp sort of pair? (5)
17 "Midnight shout and revelry, — dance and jollity." (Milton) (5)
19 One who hangs on to things could create nothing in more difficult circumstances. (7)
21 See 26
23 Chances are about like more than one accompaniment to Beauty. (6)
25 What one might get changing thus, to perform an exclusive action. (4, 3)
26 and 21 What goes on at first sight, when a star is presented? (7, 8)
27 While making almost unnecessary imprecations, might be able to adjust the rent. (7, 7)

DOWN:

1 This sort of cross went on top of the mast. (5, 4)
2 Water this drop by drop. (7)
3 Writing about 23? (9)
4 What the Hubbard dog had at first. (4)
5 Late Norman figurative device. (10)
6 Strangely enough, what troops might do when told to stand. (3, 2)
7 Hot dogs should be found in a glance at a bleacherite's holdings. (7)
8 Is there a suggestion that one shouldn't trust this bird? (4)
13 and 11 Certainly not beat in the capital, but one hears a certain amount of public speaking here. (10, 6)
15 The logical person to get the post! (9)
16 Water isn't so hard to find with this. (One might even smell it!) (4, 5)
18 Doesn't have a certain air with a lump turned over in the garden. (7)
20 Might cause somewhat of a fluster, but is more likely to remain quiet. (7)
21 Pro this, one might still get to object. (It's quite a trial.) (4)
22 Understood in the work now necessary. (5)
24 Sibelius' was of Tuonela. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 861

ACROSS: 1 Stratify; 5 Carbon; 9 Muffler; 10 Thinner; 11 Austere; 12 Leafage; 13 Little America; 15 Substantially; 21 Ashanti; 22 Eugenie; 23 Ironing; 24 Erasers; 25 Grebes; 26 Asperses. DOWN: 1 Sampan; 2 Refusal; 3 Tallest; 4 Forced landing; 6 Alidade; 7 Bengasi; 8 Norseman; 10 Talkativeness; 14 Assaying; 16 Behoove; 17 Tontine; 18 Luggage; 19 Yankees; 20 Versus.

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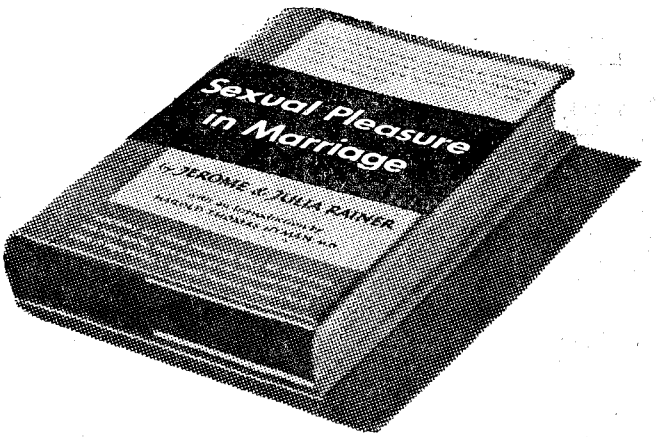

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